20/07/2020 The Rock



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# The Rock











I found a rock today.

#### **Chapter 2 by Phantim**



I had been looking for it for a while. My search was off to a rocky start. Especially when the storm hit. I should have been moving faster. I thought I would have more time. Yeah, I really took my free time for granite. I really needed to stop procrastinating, it felt like I'd hit rock bottom.

That is when I found it. The rock that had been used in the murder. There was still some blood on it. I turned to my partner, Sherlock Holmes, showing him the rock.

"Why it's sedimentary, my dear Wattson," he said to me with a gravelly voice.

I wanted to tell him that was a horrible pun. But we had been fighting and I didn't want to upset him. I was really in between a rock and a hard place. Still, he seemed happy with me. After examining the rock and finding it to be the murder weapon with his own eyes, he pat me on the back saying "You rock." It was another horrible pun, but I was happy to receive the praise from him Still it seemed he was unset with me. The silence on the drive back was very awkward so I

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"There's one thing I don't understand." I asked him as we drove. "Why was the murder weapon out here? This isn't even where the murder took place."

"I know that my methods are a bit too igneous for you, Watson, but I shale try and put it simply so that you can under-sand. Don't spend to long marble-ing at my intelligence, though."

"Holmes," I groaned, but he just smiled.

"The murderer wanted to get rid of the weapon where no one would look for it, and the quarry would be a gneiss place for that." I groaned again, but that didn't stop him. "I do say, you're being a right schist about all this, granite, but what else is new."

"Is there any actual evidence that we can use to tie that rock to whoever the murderer is?" I asked, tired.

"Oh, don't worry, I've already discovered who the cri-mineral is, or at least I've got a pretty rock solid idea."

"Holmes -"

"No, I'm serious. I have found the identity of the killer." He said, hands on the wheel. The look in his eyes told me that that was the truth.

### Chapter 4 by António B



"Think about it carefully my dear, he that is without sin among you, let him first cast a..."

"Holmes! - I Thought we were done with this... we're dealing with murder"

"Ok, ok... But that's what I meant. Remember that I know the first thing you do when you get home is get..."

"Holmes!!"

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I found another rock today. It was gneiss!

#### **Chapter 6 by Aaron Hartmann**



It was very beautifully textured too!

#### Chapter 7 by R



Holmes showed up at my door, bedraggled, covered in a mess of bruises and with a rock-solid expression.

"What happened to you? You look like you got hit by a boulder!" I called out.

"Let me in or so help me." He said with a grunt.

"What, no more rock puns?" I asked him, but he pushed aside me and walked inside, dripping rain and maybe a bit of blood on the carpet. Mary was going to kill me.

"I confronted the man I believed to be the suspect." Holmes said stonily. "I now know that he is not the murderer."

"Does that explain what happened to your face?"

"No. Yes. I challenged him to a fight." I stared at him. "It was in order to see whether or not his stances matched the footprints I'd found."

"I've seen you in a fight. You're not that bad. Who beat you up this good?"

"A man by the name of Dwayne Johnson. American." Holmes muttered, raiding my fridge for icepacks.

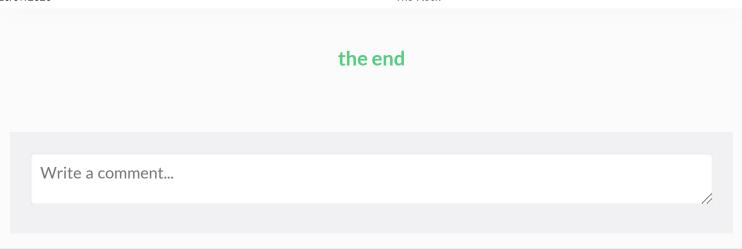
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